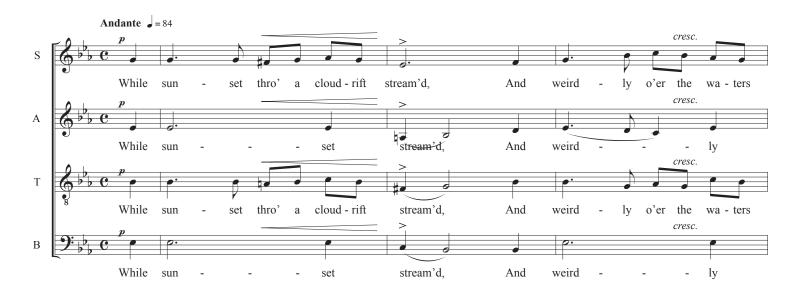


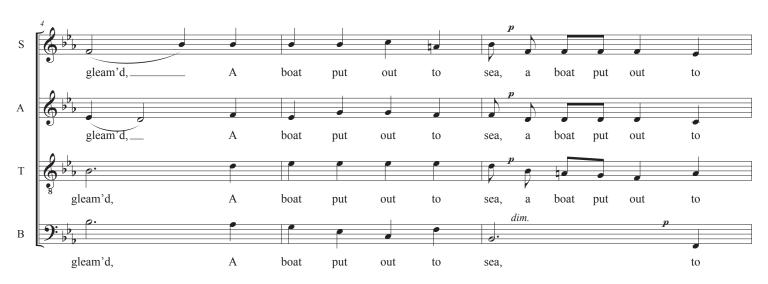


The fighing huat

John T. Matton (1809-1886)

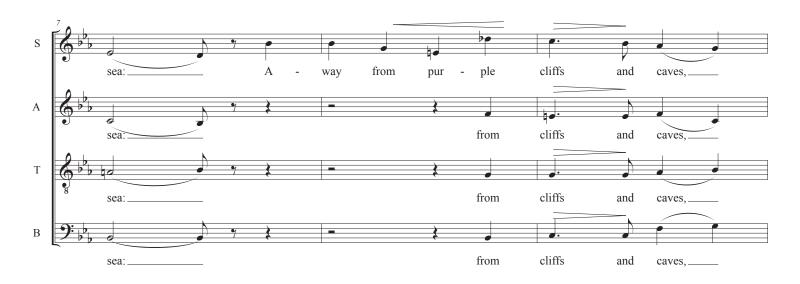
J. L. Hatton

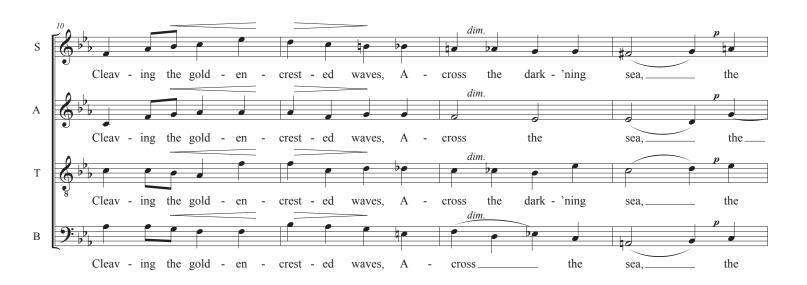


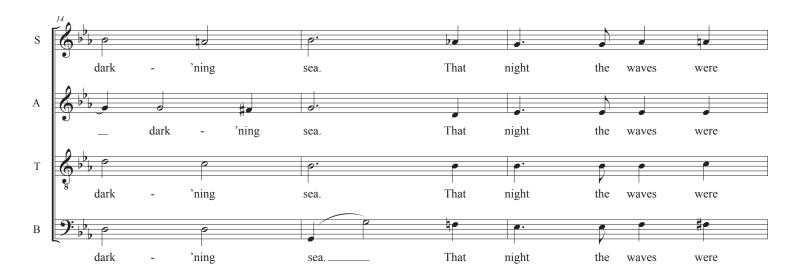


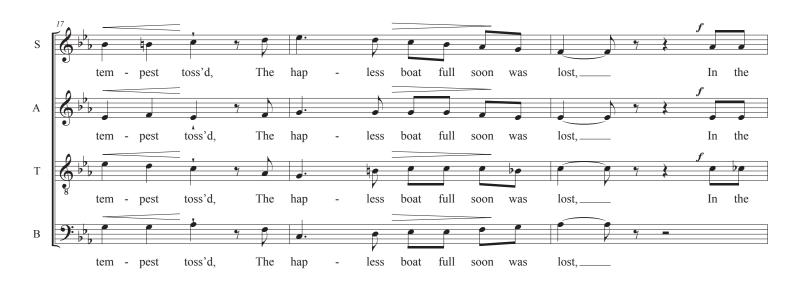


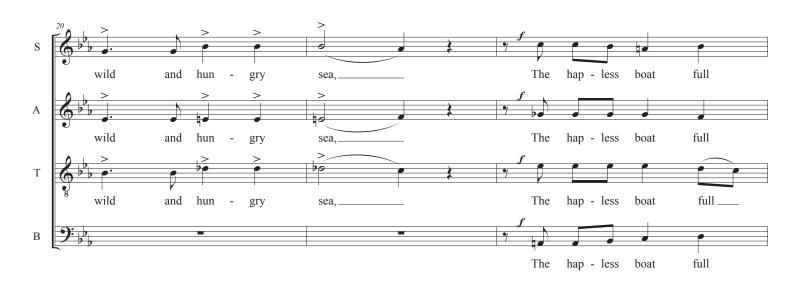
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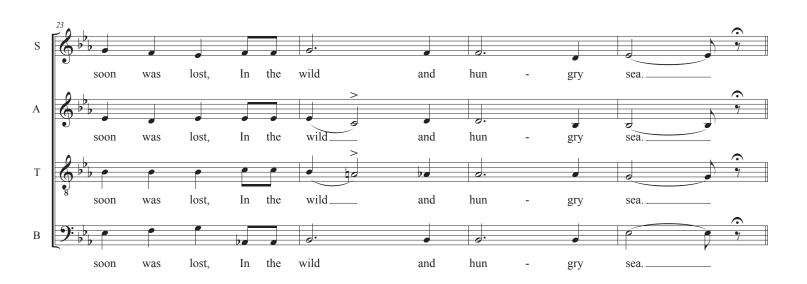


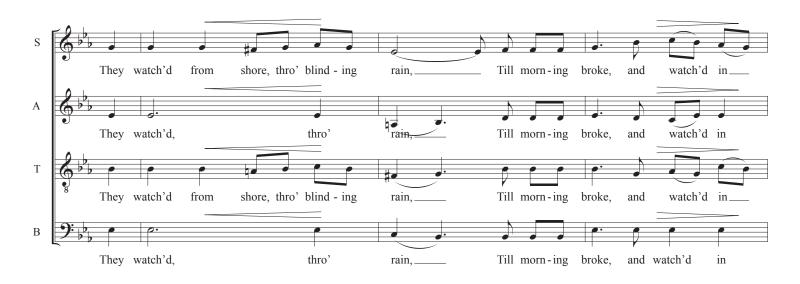


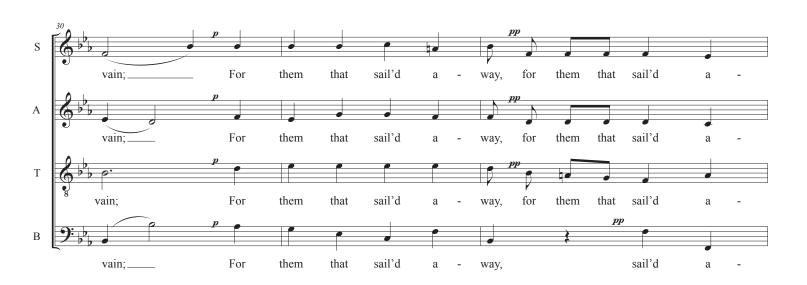


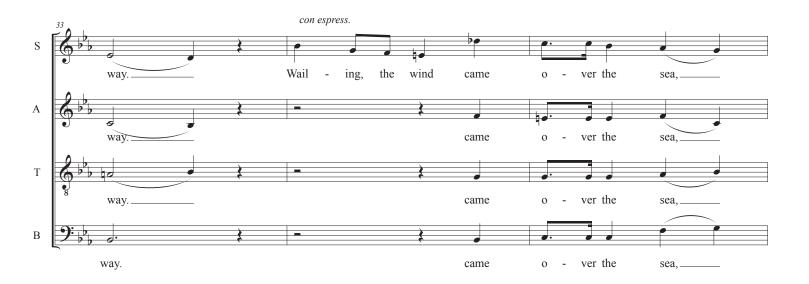


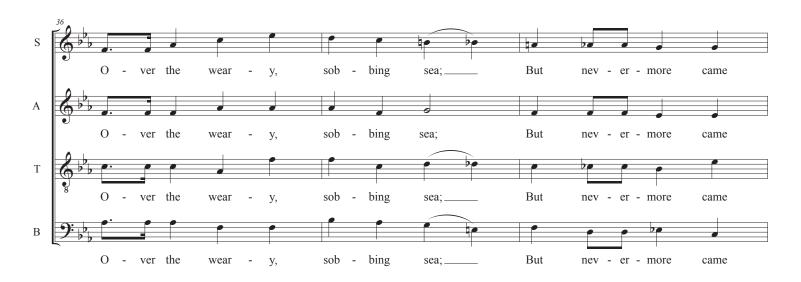


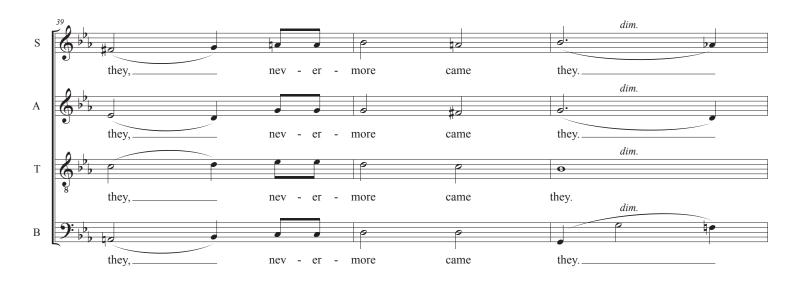


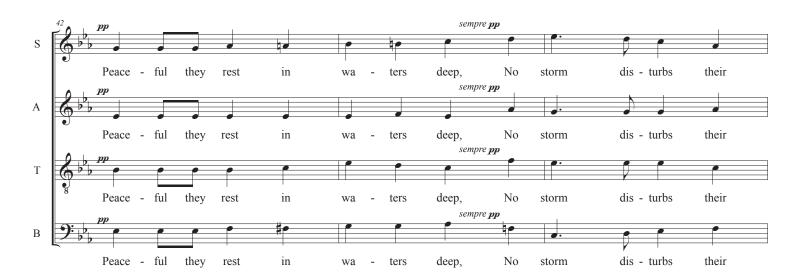


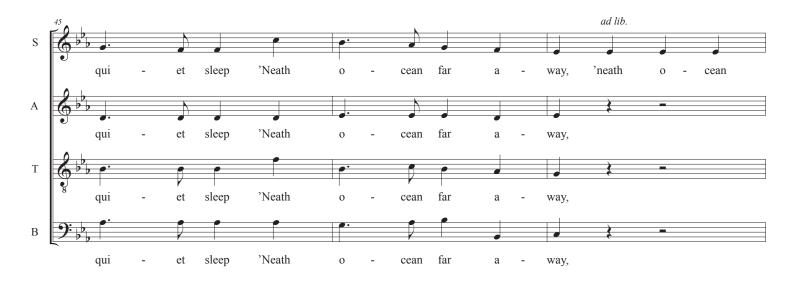


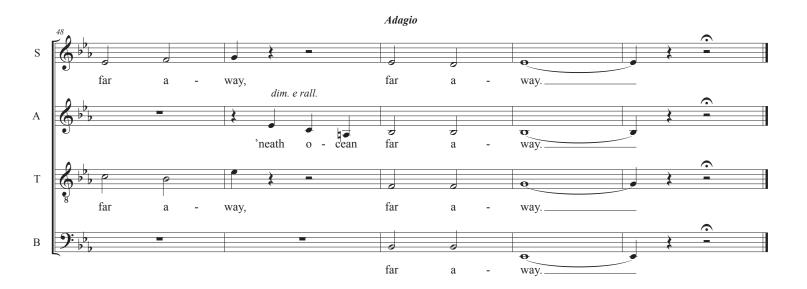












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886) was born in Liverpool. He received a rudimentary music education as a child, but was essentially a self-taught musician. He held several appointments as organist in Liverpool and appeared as an actor on the Liverpool stage. He relocated to London in 1832 as a member of Macready's company at Drury Lane and began to establish himself as a composer. His first operetta, "Queen of the Thames", was successful in 1844; he then went to Vienna and brought out his opera "Pascal Bruno." He wrote several songs on his return to England and appeared at the Hereford festival as a singer. He also undertook piano concert tours at this time. From 1848 to 1850 he was in America, giving public and private concerts in New York City. Notably, in 1848, he shared the stage in Pittsburgh, PA with Stephen C. Foster. Returning to England, he became conductor of the Glee and Madrigal Union and director of music at the Princess's Theatre, London. He wrote operas, cantatas, incidental music, anthems, cathedral pieces, and many songs. His part-songs were regarded as some of the best of the genre. Hatton's daughter, Frances J. Hatton, emigrated to Canada in 1869, where she became a respected composer and the singing instructor at the Hellmuth Ladies College in London, Ontario.

While sunset through a cloud-rift streamed, And weirdly o'er the waters gleamed, A boat put out to sea:

Away from purple cliffs and caves, Cleaving the golden-crested waves, Across the darkening sea.

That night the waves were tempest tossed, The hapless boat full soon was lost, In the wild and hungry sea.

They watched from shore, through blinding rain, Till morning broke, and watched in vain; For them that sailed away.

Wailing, the wind came over the sea, Over the weary, sobbing sea; But nevermore came they.

Peaceful they rest in waters deep, No storm disturbs their quiet sleep 'Neath ocean far away.

Georgina Elizabeth Troutbeck (1858-1947)

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